

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1859.

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M. M. O'Neill

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Advertising Rates.
One insertion, Two do. Three do.
[Table with rates for different ad sizes and durations]

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease or disturbance of the bodily functions; but, with the aid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able to regulate the system as to secure permanent health. In order to accomplish this desired object, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things in the least hazardous strength, and without the least danger to the system.

For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nausea, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaint, arising from a morbid action of the stomach or bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhoea, dysentery or flux, so generally connected by new settlers, and caused principally by a change of water and diet, will be speedily regulated by a brief use of this medicine.

For several days we threaded the dense forests which intervened, and under great difficulties. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, the cold was intense, and rendered more intolerable by the fierce wind upon the prairie waste.

On the night in question we had turned aside to seek the shelter of a grove of small timber, and to find fuel for our fire. We had faced the blinding storm all day, and could hardly keep sufficiently awake to kindle the fire and secure wood for the night.

My gun is wet, and will not go." I heard Blair mutter with a curse. "Damn 'em I'll try them with the axe."

Miscellaneous.

LUKE BLAIR'S ENCOUNTER WITH A PACK OF WOLVES.

"God have mercy upon us!" This exclamation was not more sudden than startlingly uttered, and sent the chills creeping from the tingling heart in prickling sensations over the skin.

It was the first time I had ever noticed such a tremor in the squatter's tones, or a manner which indicated that he ever felt fear. It was something unusual, and with my young pulse quickened, I watched the old man by the dim light of the fire.

I had known Luke Blair—"Old Luke," as he was called—for ten years, and yet knew nothing of his history. There was a mystery about him which none ever penetrated, and an eccentricity of manner which gave his movements a peculiar interest to his rough but true-hearted comrades.

As unsocial as the squatter, he was respected by all who had come in contact with him. He was brave to madness, and yet as cool in danger as in his camp. Nor was there anything rough in his manners; on the contrary there was an easy bearing, which—almost elegance—bespoke a day of education and refinement.

Blair had other qualifications which won the respect of the hardy spirits around him. He was six feet in height, broad shouldered, tall chested, and form erect, and his limbs were models of symmetry and strength.

There was something about the old man—his commanding presence, his bravery, and his lonely habits and sad manner—which won my young heart, and I watched every opportunity of manifesting my regard.

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"My gun is wet, and will not go." I heard Blair mutter with a curse. "Damn 'em I'll try them with the axe."

My wildly uttered warning was too late, for, as it swelled above the sounds below, with unnatural strength Blair leaped down with a shout of rage and defiance, and with his axe and knife fought the pack face to face.

I grew sick at heart as I watched with burning eye-balls the struggle through the darkness. I could see the black forms swarming around the trunk, where Blair had backed up. After the first howl of joy, as it seemed to me, when Blair jumped down, the wolves were less noisy, and apparently more weary, for they seemed to realize that they had an enemy to deal with.

"Ha, ha! glorious sport here, boy; another devil the less!" and his maniac laugh and shout came up scarcely less startling than those of the wolves around him. I knew that he was mad.

I could hear the vice-like jaws close constantly around Blair, and now then his axe sunk with a heavy, crushing sound into some skull, and then all grew more dim; a delicious feeling of happiness crept over me; the sounds of the strife below died out, and sweet dreams stole over me like the summer's breath. The reports of our rifles had reached the cabin, which, as I afterwards learned, was not twenty rods from where we camped.

The inmates, numbering some fourteen, by the addition of emigrants who had stopped in the storm, came out with dogs and guns, and reached the spot but a moment too late. Blair had lodged his axe so deeply in the head of a wolf that the corners remained fast, and the others tore him down. They were literally shot down with their fangs holding to the torn flesh, and his warm blood jetting over their shaggy skins.

I was all winter recovering from my injuries. The awakening from that dream of death was terrible awakening, and I suffered more than pen can describe.

built our cabin within sight of the brother's grave. The oak is now dead and splintered, and the spot where he is densely covered with an undergrowth, whose vines shut out the light of day, and guarded it even from the footfall of man or beast.

An Indian Captive Reclaimed after Thirty-five Years.

The fall narrative of the return and recognition of Mathew Brayton, the long lost son of Elijah Brayton, of this county, who was stolen by the Indians thirty five years ago, will be read with interest. It was kindly furnished by Mr. J. W. Chamberlain, of Cary, and can be relied upon as true.

On the 20th of September, 1825, two children of Elijah Brayton, then residing near Springville, in this county, were sent out for the cows. After going a short distance from home, the younger one, Mathew between seven and eight years of age, became fatigued and started for a neighboring house close by, while the other continued the search for the cows.

Here, take this," said Blair, as he handed me the locket, "and if you survive, carry it to New York, and I will thank you. Boy, I am not afraid to die. Death will be rest, and I shall see Maria. We must take to the tree. It is freeze, or death by the wolves. Quick, boy! Good by."

We had need to be quick, for we had hardly reached the branches when a score of long, gloomy shadows shot out of the surrounding darkness, and sent up a yell which went to the heart colder than the breath of the Wintry blast.

"It's of no use," he continued, as I suggested that the sound of our guns might reach the inmates of the cabin, "they would not bear 'em in the storm, and besides, I swear by the living God, that I will send some of them to h—ll before I die."

Blair commenced his deadly work and as one of the wolves fell the others fought and snarled, and gnashed their teeth over the horrid feast. Their teeth sounded like the hissing of steel upon steel. Still they howled more fiercely as the slaughter went on.

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I was all winter recovering from my injuries. The awakening from that dream of death was terrible awakening, and I suffered more than pen can describe.

Blair was buried on the edge of the prairie, and when I left in the Spring the early flowers were already sprung over his grave. The old man rests sweetly under the shadow of the old oak.

edly told his tribe that if they did not let him go to the States to search for his relations, they would take him from them by force. He left his residence, Sept., 1858; left St. Paul on the 16th of April, 1859, in company with his Indian brother, (chief elect, last fall,) six Indians, three ponies and five dogs. They came with him to Chicago, where he was taken sick and placed in the hospital for treatment and kept there till he recovered. His Indian friends there left him and returned to the tribe. He went from there to Detroit, Michigan; thence to Ohio; thence to North-east Pennsylvania, where he was found by William Brayton. He was then on his way to some Indians in New York. He can speak five different Indian languages, viz: Snake, Copperhead, Crow, Utah and Flathead. He also speaks the English language very fluently and correctly, which he says came to him almost intuitively on meeting with the whites. The tribe with which he lived had a compass and watch enclosed in one copper case which they used in travelling. They purchased it of the Russians for \$100.

Country Meeting Talk.

An Illinois editor, who sometimes has an attack of Phonography, attended a country meeting where he took down the following different topics of conversation at one time:

"Vote for Lovejoy!" exclaimed a political aspirant indignantly, "I'd as soon vote for Lloyd Garrison himself, loaded down as he is with"

"Two of the fattest beef critters you ever set your eyes on," interrupted a dealer in cattle, "that I sold for"

"That horrid yellow dress again," exclaimed Miss Spruce, in what might have sounded like a whisper if she had not been on the other side of the room "painted, too, half an inch thick, and wears"

"Teeth and nails to get to office," broke in another politician, "but the people will not trust him; besides he is"

"Spavined in both hind legs, wind broken and foundered, to boot, as I told Mr. Jarvis at the time"

"One tea cup full of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs, and a sprinkling of nutmeg, makes"

"Both ends meet when the year comes round, poor woman! for she has got six children, the oldest one blind, and"

"No saddle or bridle to ride him with, somebody stole it while I was gone to Chicago after"

"The long millennial day which we have no doubt is to be brought out through the ministrations of"

"Two Dutchmen, a monkey and hand-organ to grind it; and oh, it made the funniest music, and the figures danced around like"

"Nine thousand miles of railroad track, and this at an estimate cost of"

"Five cents a dozen, I sold four hens to Mrs. Wilson, and the hawks carried off three, besides any number of chickens, and"

"Such a handsome young man, and he dances so beautifully. Did you ever see a handsome pair of whiskers, or more insinuating"

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SONG OF THE NEWSPAPER.

I am a Newspaper
I carry the news
To all of your dwellings—
Wherever you choose;
A more faithful servant
Can hardly be found—
Almost omnipresent
I'm scattered around.
Like the stars in the heavens,
And sands on the shore;
Like leaves that have fallen
When summer is o'er
I fly o'er the land,
I pass o'er the sea,
I brave every danger—
It's pleasure for me.
I gather the news from
The steamers and cars,
And telegraphs, sparkling
With trade, peace and war;
I fill up my mission,
Defending the truth,
And teach useful lessons,
To old men and youth.

A Funny Sketch.

A Hoosier, an awful ugly man relating his travels in Missouri, said that he had arrived at Chickenville in the forenoon, and just a few days before there had been a boat burst, and a heap of people burned and killed one way and another. So, at last I went into a grocery, a squad of people followed in, and one bowed and said, "It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bursting of the Franklin."

Upon that he asked me to drink with him, and as I put the tumbler to my mouth he stopped me of a sudden
"I beg your pardon, but—"
"But what?" sez I.
"Just fix your mouth that way again," sez he.

I done it just as I was gwine to drink and I'll be hanged if I didn't think they would go into fits. They yelled and hooped like a pack of wolves. Finally one of the gang sez:
"Don't make fun of the unfortunate; he's hardly got over being blowed up yet. Let's make up a pass for him."
They then throve in, and made up five dollars. The spokesman handed me the change, he axed me:
"Where did you find yourself after the explosion?"
"In a flat boat," sez I.
"How far off?"
"Why," sez I, "I never seed, but as near as I can guess, it was about three hundred and seventy miles."

You'd orter see that crowd scatter.
"Ma, I want some liquid generosity on my bread and butter."
"Some what, my child?"
"Some liquid generosity!"
"What in the world does the boy mean by liquid generosity? What is it like, my son?"
"Gosh, mam! don't you know? Why its molasses, to be sure!"
Here, Bridget, spank this boy and put to bed.

Swallowed a Hole.—The other day Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles which, I believe, ladies have named *cyclots*, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the house, busily engaged with a work on etymology, when Charley ran in with mouth wide open and eyes distended to their utmost capacity. His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:
"What is the matter? what has happened?"
The urethra, all agape, managed to articulate:
"Water!"
It was brought him; when after drinking copiously, exclaimed,
"Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!"
"Swallowed a hole, Charley?"
"Yes, mother; swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory round it!"

A farmer in Minnesota, while at work "burning brush," a short time since, heard a furious growl proceed from the centre of a brush heap that was burning fiercely, and immediately after a bear, with the hair singed off of him rushed from out the blazing mass, and, after running about for a moment in a bewildered manner, disappeared in the woods.

A clergyman, catechising the youths of his church, put the question from the catechism to a girl:
"What is your consolation in life and death?"
The poor girl smiled but did not answer. The clergyman insisted.
"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is the young printer at the 'Argus'!"
Professor is in convulsions. Miss, you had better come and take him away. Poor.

A down East editor says he has seen the contrivance our lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern and holds about a pint.

Ma, didn't the minister say last Sunday, that sparks flew upwards?" "Yes, dear; how came you to think of it?" "Because yesterday I saw cousin Sally's spark staggering down the street, and fall downward."

Willis cleverly says, in one of his sketches, that a literary reputation is to be built at this day, like the walls of Jericho, with a trowel in one hand for plastering friends—and a sword in the other for smiting enemies.

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!!
JUST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S. BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of

DRUGS, MEDICINES, Spices, Oils, Paints, Dye-Stuffs, BLOODING, WINE, GINS, FLUID, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Stationery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuffs and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.
R. S. BUNN, M. D.
Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859.—24-ly.

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JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and splendid Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted.) by
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BLANK SUMMONS AND EXECUTIONS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE